

# The Quincy Union.

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W. W. KELLOGG.

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Professional Cards.

**P. J. O'GRADY,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.  
LA PORTE, CALIFORNIA.

N. B.—The public and patrons of the undersigned are respectfully informed that he has been appointed by the Judge of the County of Plumas, to act as clerk of the Court of the Second and Tenth Judicial Districts of this State.

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PARTIES WISHING BUSINESS DONE IN Land, or Mining Surveying, or Draining, or other business, will address J. D. Compton, Round Valley, or Arthur W. Keddie, Crescent Mills.

# Quincy Union.

"Independent in all Things—Neutral in Nothing."

VOL. 5. QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1866. NO. 8.

**Taylor House.**  
TAYLORVILLE, CAL.  
J. T. Taylor, Proprietor.

The public is respectfully informed that the proprietor of this hotel has been made to this house, the proprietor has been made to this house, the proprietor has been made to this house.

**Plumas House,**  
QUINCY,  
Plumas Co., California.  
JAS. E. EDWARDS, Prop'r.

EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS have been made to this house, the proprietor has been made to this house, the proprietor has been made to this house.

**Vernon House,**  
Taylorville,  
INDIAN VALLEY.  
J. HARDGRAVE, Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN NEWLY REFITTED and is one of the

**Best Arranged Hotels**  
in the mountains. No pains will be spared to accommodate those who patronize us.

THE BAR is supplied with the best quality of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

**Buckeye House,**  
ON THE  
OROVILLE & QUINCY ROAD,  
(Near Walker's Plains, Plumas Co., Cal.)  
JOEL FLINN, Prop'r.

THIS PROPRIETOR of this well known and favorite hotel hereby informs the public that he has increased his facilities for the accommodation of permanent and transient guests.

**Union Hotel.**  
MAIN STREET, LA PORTE.  
BRANDT & CONLON,  
Proprietors.

THIS HOTEL is centrally located and will be kept as a first class house.

**Western House,**  
Corner of Second and D Streets,  
MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS have been made to this house, the proprietor has been made to this house, the proprietor has been made to this house.

**Union Hotel.**  
SECOND AND K STREETS, SACRAMENTO.

**L. OULVER,** Proprietor.  
Guests furnished with rooms by the day, week or month. A few choice rooms for Families, with private dining-room attached. Bar and Billiard Saloons of the first order.

**St. Nicholas Hotel,**  
OROVILLE,  
B. F. JONES, Jr., Prop'r.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY NOTIFY his friends in Northern California that he has leased a new named Hotel, with the intention of keeping a

**First Class House.**  
And will be pleased to see all old friends and the Public generally.

**American Exchange.**  
Corner of Sansome and Halleck streets,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**Timothy Sargent,** Proprietor.  
Fireproof—200 rooms, all hand-finished, well-ventilated and nicely furnished. Prices from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.

**Russ House.**  
Montgomery Street,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

**H. H. Pearson & Co.,** Proprietors.  
The Proprietors, by strict attention to the comfort of their guests, hope to give satisfaction to all who may favor them with their patronage.

**Longville Hotel.**  
A. J. Wood, Prop'r.

THIS large and commodious hotel is situated in a beautiful and healthy location. The rooms are large and airy and well-furnished. The table is at all times furnished with the best market affords; the stabling is of the best. It is a "home" for the traveler. For the invalid a fine soda spring, celebrated for its healing qualities, is adjoining the hotel. A liberal share of patronage is solicited.

**The Quincy Union.**  
QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.  
SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1866.

**The Love that Lasts.**  
'Tis not a flower of instant growth;  
But from the unsuspected germ,  
That lay within the heart of to-day,  
A-springs its everlasting form.

As daisy buds, among the grass,  
With the same green do silent grow,  
Nor mads nor boys that laughing pass,  
Can tell if they be flowers or no—

Till, on some genial morn in May,  
Their timid, modest leaves rise,  
Disclosing beauties to the day,  
That strike the gazer with surprise—

So soft, so sweet, so mild, so holy,  
So cheerful in obscure shade,  
So unpretending, meek and lowly,  
And yet the pride of each green glade.

So love doth spring, so love doth grow,  
If it be such as never dies;  
The bud just opens here below—  
The fire blooms on in Paradise.

(Rev. George B. Cleever.)  
THE RAM THAT BITTEN THE CROWBAR.—I was once staying at a farm in Berks county, Pennsylvania, the owner of whom was sadly troubled by his dog Wolf killing his sheep. I determined to cure the dog. There was a ram on the farm as notorious for biting the dog as the dog was for sheep-killing, and who stood in as much need of moral suasion as the dog.

I shut Wolf up in the barn with this old fellow, and the consequence was that the dog never looked a sheep in the face again. The ram literally broke every bone in his body. Wonderfully uplifted was the ram, as if by his exploit, he was sure to pitch into whomever went near him.

"I'll fix him," said I; and so I did. I rigged an iron crowbar out of a hole in the barn, point foremost, and hung an old hat on the end of it.

You can't always tell when you see a hat whether there is a head in it or not; how then should a ram?

Aries made at it full butt; and being a good marksman from long practice the bar broke in between the horns, and came out at the end of his tail. This little admonition effected a cure of his bad habits.

Nor many miles from the City of New Orleans is a lake whose bosom, when not tossed by the rude winds of the gulf, is as calm and quiet as a "painted ship on a painted ocean," but once let the gales of the neighboring sea pass into her possessions, and she dells, without a moment's precaution her sparkling serenity, and assumes all the horrors of an ocean in a storm.

It was on this lake—the day was clear and the waters calm—when Sambo proposed to Cesar a voyage on the lake to an island, six miles from the main land. The invitation was no sooner extended than accepted, and the sable pair at once embarked on their voyage of pleasure. When almost three miles from the shore, a wind began to rise and a storm succeeded, which threatened for a while to engulf "calm and his fortunes." Sambo thought his hour had come, and falling on his narrow bones, invoked aid somewhat after this fashion:

"O Lord! gist let us get on de shore once more. I see gwine to be so good after dis. I see gwine to give de ole blime man a big fat turkey. I see gwine to give de ole luman a bag o' hominy. I see gwine to give de orlan 'yllum a heap of chickens and corn. I see gwine—"

"Stop! stop!" interrupted Cesar, "what you gwine to get all your hominy and pigs, and chickens? Eh! answer dat will yer?"

"Hush! for de Lord sake, Cesar; I only tells dis to de Lord till we git on de shore."

FREE MASONRY AND GRINDROSS.—A worthy police captain, says the New York Post, entertained a fancy to become a Free Mason, and was accordingly proposed and elected. A friend accompanied him to the place of meeting, which was in a building the lower part of which was used as a place of entertainment.

The neophyte was left in an apartment next to the servant's room, while his friend went up stairs to assist in the opening ceremonies.

A Celtic maiden, who caught a glimpse of the stranger, resolved to take part in his initiation, and procuring a gridiron, placed it over the range. It was not long before she captain, looking inquisitively through the door, saw the utensil reddening in the heat. The recollection flashed through his mind of Masonic candidates and some peculiar ordeals which they were made to encounter.

"What is that, Bridget?" he eagerly inquired.

"And sure," replied the Hibernian virgin, "it's only the gridiron that I was told to place over the coals."

"Who told you?" asked the eager policeman.

"And was it not the gentleman who came with you?"

"What could he want of it?" demanded the Captain.

"And sure I can't tell," replied Bridget; "they are using it; it belongs to the people above stairs. I always heat it when they want to make a Mason."

This was too much for the excited Captain, and taking to his heels he soon put a safe distance between himself and the lodge.

**A "VERDANT" IN A COTTON MILL.**—A raw, straw-hatted, sandy-whiskered six-foot gawky, one of the purely uninitiated, came in recently from Greene county with a load of wood for a factory company. Not satisfied with contemplating the "poetry of motion" at a distance, our hero must needs introduce himself between the cards to get a nearer view. This move brought his neither habiliments into dangerous proximity to the next card, and thereby hangs a tale.

"You, I say! She goes pooty, don't she, boss?" said Jonathan, inquiringly.

"She don't do anything else," responded the stripper. "But you must be careful how you move around this hardware. 'Twas on-ly last week sir, that a promising young man, a student at college, was drawn into that very card, sir, and before any assistance could reach him, he was run through and manufactured into No. 10, super extra cotton warp yarn."

"Is—s—now! I believe your joking!" stammered Jonathan.

"Fact, sir," continued the stripper; "and his disconsolate mother came down two days ago and got five bunches of the same yarn as melancholy relics."

"By the poker, that can't be true."

"Fact, sir, fact! And each of his fellow students purchased a skein apiece to be set in lockets, and worn in memory of departed worth."

A sense of personal danger shot across our hero's mind; he began to retreat precipitately, without waiting for an answer. But there was not much room to spare between himself and the gears of the card behind.

Another step backward completed the ceremony of introduction. His unwhisperable being of large calibre, the process of snarling them into a hard knot was noways slow. Our hero gave tongue instantly.

"Oh! murder! Let go! Blast yer pictures, let go! Ain't you ashamed? Get out! Let alone on me; do—can't ye?"

The card stripper threw of the belt, but the momentum of the cylinder kept it revolving, and our hero supposing it in full operation, burst out anew.

"O, stop her, do! I ain't well, and I later be at home. Father wants the steers, and mother's out to bake. Stop the tarmal mace, can't ye? Do! Ain't ye got no feel-in for a feller in distress? O, dear! I'll be carded and spun, and made into lockets! Je—s—s—lem! How I wish I was to Greene!"

The card was stopped at last, but Jonathan's clothes were so entangled in the gearing that it was no slight task to extricate him and it was only by cutting out the whole of the "invested territory" that he was finally released.

MR. AND MRS. FUBBS.—"Fubbs, I want to talk with you a while, and I want you to listen while I do it. You want to go to sleep, but I don't; I'm not one of the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Fubbs, that you have a wife who imports information by lectures; else you'd be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read except a little Bible the Christian Association gave you, and a tract which that fellow called Porter left one day, entitled 'Light for the Heathen.' It's well he left it for you're a Heathen, Fubbs. You feel that you ain't a Mormon. Yes, I understand that insinuation, too, you profane wretch! You mean you're glad you haven't no wife. You would never have known there was a Mormon, Mr. Fubbs, if I hadn't told you, 'cause you're too stingy to take a paper! Now Fubbs, I declare your name ought to be Fibs, you tell so many of 'em. It's only last week I lost a dollar and a half on butter I sold to a pedlar, because I did not know the market price. This would have paid for the paper the whole year. And then you are so ignorant, Fubbs. Don't you recollect when you took the gun and walked down the big marsh a hunting, because some one said the Turkeys were marching into Rush's? Yes you did; you needn't deny it, Fubbs. Didn't kill any, did you? It was a bad day for Turkeys, wasn't it, Fubbs? Ha! ha! ha!"

POOR.—Our old friend, a few nights since, came home very late from a seige of pool. His wife was asleep. When she awoke in the morning, she found upon the floor a marble which had dropped out of her husband's pocket when he came to bed, upon which was the figure "17."

"What is this?" said she to her lord.

He opened his eyes, looked, blushed, was confused and stammered: "Why, why, it's a marble, ain't it?"

"Yes," said she, "but what are you doing with a marble in your pocket?"

"In my pocket? Well—ah! I fact is, I've had that marble in my pocket for the last thirty five years—ever since I used to play for keeps with Bill—"

"Indeed!" incredulously asked his wife, "but what are these figures on here for?"

"What does '17' mean?"

"'17' mean?" said he hesitatingly. "Oh, '17,' why, that was the number of marbles Bill owed me when we staked playing; he marked it on there so I wouldn't forget it."

This name of the Malay prince visiting England is Dato Tunongong Abulakar Sidi Maharajah of Johore.

HARVEST HOMER makes \$18,000 per annum by her chisel—and spends it.

**CAN A MOTHER FORGET?**—Not a morning, noon or night, but she looks into the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of childhood. They think of them and write to them as not full fifteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes that next year at the furthest she may have just her own family there, and if you are there look out for the fat limb of fried chicken, and coffee which nobody but one's own mother can make.

Did Hannah forget Samuel? A short sentence, full of household history, and running over with genuine motherly love, is tellingly beautiful. Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to the yearly sacrifice.

A mother mourning at her first-born's grave or closing the dying eyes of child after child, displays a grief whose very sadness is sublime. But bitterer, heavier than the death stroke, is the desperation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart, into vices which he would hide from the abandoned and the vile. Napoleon once asked a lady, what France needed for the education of her youth; and the short, profound reply was "Mothers!"

**THE DEAD OF HUMBOLDT RIVER.**—Humboldt river! Oh, most horrible of rivers, let us rename it. Let us call it the "River of Death." For three hundred miles its banks are one continuous burying-ground. Like the monster serpent, which once impeded the march and thinned the ranks of the Roman army, by filling the atmosphere with its pestiferous and death-dealing breath, so doth this monster stretch itself along the route, and lying in wait for the great annual army of emigration, fill the air with death producing miasma. It has literally fattened its lean sides with the flesh of the emigrant husband, wife and babe. If as some think, departed spirits remain in the vicinity where lie in corruption the fleshy tenement once inhabited by them, then indeed must the banks of this stream, at midnight, when spirits are supposed to commence their nightly roaming upon the earth, present to the spirit eye a sadder sight than ever caused human eye to fill with tears of sorrow. Nought but the ghost of worn out and starved fathers, and mothers! Oh, horrible, most horrible of rivers! Let us call thee the River of Death.

**THE MAJOR'S TURKEY STORY.**—"Turkeys used to be very plenty here in Indiana," said the old Major: "I've seen 'em so thick you couldn't hardly get about for 'em. They kept the ground scratched up so meller that a feller would sink knee-deep into it. To let you know how thick they were, I'll tell you what I did once. I started out one night to kill some turkeys, but before I got very far I found that I had but one bullet with me except the one in my gun. Thinks I this is a bad job, but I'll do the best with 'em I can. So I go on, and I see a great many fine looking turkeys, but they wasn't fixed to suit me. At last I see about fifty sittin' all along side by side on one straight limb, so I slips along under 'em scores away, and what do you think?"

"Expect you killed two at one shot," said several of the listeners.

"No sir, I didn't shoot at 'em. I split the limb that they were a sittin' on; it opened, their legs slipped through, it slapped together again, and I had 'em all trapped. I then loaded my gun with the other bullet, blazed away and shot the limb off close to the tree. Down they came a flutterin' and a floppin', and I shouldered the limb and carried them all home."

**JACK AND THE BELLS.**—"D'ye see, the Sandwich Island cattle ain't like the cattle at home. In the first place I had to have boys to tackle onto 'em and then you know I couldn't talk a word of Kanaka, so that when I said 'port' or 'starboard,' I might as well have whistled to the wind. I was driving a cart load of 'spuds' down the mountain, when the starboard beast got huffy, and began to make leeways; so thinks I, my lad, I'll just clap a stopper on your cutwater; so I took a coil of rope from the cart and made a running bowline and tried to heave it over his nose. Somehow they got wind of the game, and with tails tripped up, tant as martingales, they started down the hill like a pair of finbacks with the irons in 'em. They went as if the devil had 'em and the old cart bounded over the rocks, scattering 'scurry pills' (potatoes) all the way. D'ye think I followed? Not I. I jumped on a rock, swung my tarpaulin and sung out—

"O! storm along!"

O! my roving blades storm along, stormy!"

"Edmund, how is it that the buttons are on the inside of your shirt collar?"

"I don't know; isn't that the way, mother?"

"No, my son; you have disobeyed me; you have been in swimming."

The boy felt that his mother had spoken the truth, and was for a moment silent. However the satisfactory explanation, as he thought, soon occurred. With a triumphant and he'd look, he replied—

"Mother, I—I guess I turned it gettin' over the fence."

# The Quincy Union.

All letters relating to the business affairs of the paper should be addressed to the Publisher.

**TO SUBSCRIBERS.**  
No paper will be forwarded from this office unless the subscription is paid in advance. All papers discontinued when the subscription expires. The rule will be strictly enforced.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**  
Our friends everywhere, who may at any time have knowledge of facts of local importance—incidents, accidents, mining news, doings of public meetings, improvements, curiosities, etc.—would confer a favor upon us and our readers generally by sending notice of the same to this office. Give us facts in any shape, and we will take care of them.

**JACK'S WEDDING DIRECTIONS.**—"I say, Jack, I'm going to get spliced to-night, couldn't you stand over on that tack, and lend us a hand in steering us through the shoals to Port Matrimony?"

"No, I'm blessed if I can, Bill, 'cause ye see Kate and I's shipped for Dolly Devon's fandango to-night; but as I've been in through that ere channel three times, shipmate, I can give ye all the marks and deeps, and sailin' directions, so you can sail into port clear of everything."

"If you're going to do the thing up all shipslike, the first thing after you gets in among the fleet, a branch pilot takes you in tow, and moors you about two fathoms from the parson. Then he brings in your consort, and anchors her yard arm close aboard on your starboard hand. After that he tows up another dainty craft, and moors her head and stern along side of the bride. Next, the pilot drops himself on your port beam, and there you are, all stem on to the commodore. Then the parson he sets in with a lingo as long as a mizzzen-top-sail-baldy, which you doesn't pay no 'tention to, till he comes to axin you if you'll take that ere craft for your life consort, and carry sail for better or worse on the same tack with her. Then you sing out, 'Ay, ay, sir, sharp.' Then Commodore Blackcoat says you're spliced as fast as blades, and then all the beaux your wife ever had bear down and take the last taste they're going to git of her, 't'pans."

Then the fleet all make sail, and go drivin' on a devil's cruise after mischief. You watches your chance, signalsizes your consort, both of you square away before it, crack on canvas, and comes to an anchor in Blauket Bay."

**PERSIMMONS AS A CORRECTIVE OF SHORT RATINGS.**—The Richmond correspondent of the Danville Register tells the following anecdote about General "Alleghany" Johnson, on the march to Bristol Station, in the Fall of 1863. The General was riding along the road, and perceiving one of his men up a persimmon tree, halloed out to him: "I say, what are you doing up there? Why ain't you with your regiment?" "I'm gettin' simmons, I am," replied the soldier. Persimmons, thunder! They are not ripe yet. They are not fit to eat." "Yes, but General," persisted the Confed, "I'm trying to draw my stomach up to suit the size of my ratings. If it stays like it is now, I shan't starve." The General had nothing further to say but rode on.

A GIRL, out West having professed religion was so extremely happy that she was ever afterward heard singing at the top of her voice that old hymn, "The love of God is coming down," &c. Nothing stops her from singing this hymn. One day old Jowler, the house-dog, came in while she was singing and helped himself to a piece of meat that was on the table. Polly, observing the movement of Jowler, continuing her favorite hymn, said:

"If you don't go out I'll knock you down, Halle Hallelujah,  
You nasty stinking lop-eared hound,  
O, glory Hallelujah!"

**SUREWB.**—Mother: "Tommy, dear, here is some nice castor oil, with orange ice in it."

Doctor—"Now, remember, don't give it all to Tommy—leave some for me."

But Tommy dear was wide awake, having had a touch of the castor once before, and instantly replied:

"Doctor's such a nice man, ma—give it all to him."

Ma laughed, the doctor eloped, and Tommy got better without the aid of any more castor oil and orange ice.

A LITTLE ten year old stub-and-twist boy with a flag of truce fluttering from his rear, was up in the Municipal Court lately of a Western city, and it was suggested that he be sworn as a witness. The Judge calling him up said, "My little man, do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Yes, d—d well!" said the juvenile, as he rolled up his eyes to the ceiling. He was not sworn.

**ADVERTISE.**—An interesting and rather amusing article in the November number of Harper's Magazine on newspaper advertisements, closes with the following advice:—"To merchants. 1.—Advertise. 2.—Advertise liberally. 3.—Advertise courageously. To the public at large. 1.—Read the advertisements. 2. Study them and verify they shal. be for your profit."

"Why will you persist in wearing another woman's hair on your head?" asked Acid of his wife. She retorted: "Why do you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back?"

**The New York post-office forwards ninety tons of mail matter every twenty-four hours.**

**The increase in exports of tea from China for two years past is sixteen millions of pounds.**

**A piece of real estate was sold in Chicago the other day at the rate of \$1800 per foot.**

**Fifty-five thousand whitish were drawn in at one haul lately in New Haven.**

**A layer of a bonnet made in Paris for a Russian prince cost \$1000.**



# The Quincy Union.



San Francisco Agency.  
This is the only authorized Agent  
for the UNION in San Francisco.

Geo. W. Houghton is our authorized Agent for Taylorville and vicinity.

QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.  
SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1866.

**DONE GONE.**—Johnson will be impeached. The edit has gone forth. The country will be saved. Radical office-holders will not be removed, and why? Because the learned gentleman, Editor and Manager of the National, who exerts such a powerful influence over Congress, has said that "the right way and the only certain way" to provide a safeguard against the usurpations and abuses of power of the President "is that of impeachment." Therefore the impeachment of the President is almost certain. But, if it should so happen that Congress does not impeach the President, what will the National man do? Will he denounce his radical friends in Congress as spoons, cowards and traitors to the party, or will he take it all back, and admit that there are wiser men in the land than the Editor of the Plumas National?—an admission he will be very loth to make.

**VALUABLE AUXILIARIES.**—It is publicly announced that Gen. John Bidwell will be a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination before the next Union State Convention. He has many friends, who, no doubt, would rejoice to see him in the position of standard bearer of this great party, and who would willingly aid and assist him all in their power to achieve such distinction, but their efforts would prove diminutive and profitless compared with the unsolicited aid such journals as the Butte Record and Quincy Union are exercising in his behalf. Their political enmity is a jewel to be coveted, for the need of their praise is more fatal than the poisonous breath which smote the vain-glorious Assyrians.—(Solano Press.)

If such be the case, the friends of the "General" as well as the "General" himself, will owe a large debt of gratitude to the Record and Union, which we shall expect to see paid hereafter. Gen. John Bidwell is elected Governor of the State. We are also pleased to know that the Solano friend of Bidwell is cognizant of the amount of influence wielded by the journals spoken of. If the Press is satisfied, we are.

**CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.**—The Bulletin believes Congress has the Constitutional power to authorize Gov. Loy to order a special election for the choice of Congressmen in this State. We are not ready to admit such nullification of our State law. The Constitution says, in Section 4: "The time, place and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may, at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the place of choosing Senators." This is plain language. The State Legislature shall prescribe the time of holding elections for Representatives. The qualifications which follow do not take away the admitted State power, and make the section a nullity. We contend that no legal Congressional election can be held in this State before next September unless our State law is repealed, and to change this law a special session of the Legislature must be called and held. So far we are a States Rights Democrat.—(Appeal.)

Not willing to admit the supreme power of Congress, pshaw! What nonsense. No thoroughly imbued negro loving Radical would dare, for a moment, to doubt that Congress has such power. The Editor of the Appeal is either going crazy, or else he is getting ready to backslide and return to his first love, viz: The ultra-Pro-slavery, States Rights Democratic party.

**THE ROUTE.**—The Sac. Union advocates the building of a railroad from Sacramento to Benicia and Goat Island—the last named point to be the depot for the Pacific R. R. In its comments upon the subject of railroads, the Union says:

As a general rule, trade and travel follow the shortest and most direct routes.

If such be the case, we would ask the Union what would become of Sacramento and its Dutch Flat Route, if a railroad was built connecting Marysville with Vallojo, and another (which will be) from Oroville to Feather River, through Beckwourth's Pass, to connect with the Pacific R. R. at Truckee Meadows? Would it not leave Sacramento in the lurch, and is not that the main reason why the Beckwourth Pass Route has always been ignored by the friends of Sacramento, and its Ladder R. R. route?

**HIT HIM AGAIN.**—The Editor and Manager of the National, who, doubtless, never changes his political opinion, (oh no!) in writing about the prospect of a Congressional Election in this State, before March next, says:

We should allow no Copperhead, or Copperhead, or faithless political weathercock of any profession or party, to pollute the halls of Congress.

(The italics are ours.—Ed.) We wonder who the man is trying to "rule out." Is it Fanks of Sutter, or is it a candidate nearer home, who can it be?

**BIO MONEY.**—An express train carried the twenty million of thalers which form the war indemnity Austria must pay Prussia. The whole amount was paid in silver. It was loaded by the ton, and took twenty men six days to count it. Ten clerks, twelve tellers and thirty-six gendarmes accompanied the train.

**IMPROVED.**—The Proprietors of the Grass Valley Union have recently enlarged that paper. It shows signs of prosperity.

## Westward Empire.

Man is not only a progressive being mentally, but he is a restless and wandering animal in his disposition. He is never satisfied so long as there are new fields to explore, unpenetrated wildernesses to invade. From the earliest dawn of civilization to the present time, he has been roaming the earth and navigating the seas, seeking new homes, planting new colonies and building up new States. A noted feature in his movements—we speak now of the highest human type—is that his march and the march of civilization have been from the east to the west. Bishop Berkeley understood this when he conceived his noted stanzas on America. A quarter of a century before Thomas Jefferson penned his famous declaration affirming the rights of man, and striking a famous blow at the "right divine of kings," that distinguished Churchman, viewing the future with prophetic eye, wrote the oft-quoted lines:

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way,  
The four first acts already passed—  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,  
Time's noblest offspring—the last."

Westward the course of Empire takes its way, and westward it has ever gone from the earliest dawn of the world's history. From the western margins of Asia where our first records of civilized man bear date, it went into the wilderness from which sprang Greece and Italy. From thence its march was over Europe, still westward, until the tumultuous Atlantic thundered on its face. "Thus far and no farther." Here, however, it stayed not its steps. The humble Genesee saw in dreams the world beyond the waters, where civilization and empire were to achieve their grandest works. America was discovered, here as on the old continent, the march has still been westward. When this Constitution of ours, which reckless fanatics are seeking to destroy, was promulgated, the cord of States which kept it was confined to the Atlantic shores. They were mere beacon lights, as it were, kindled upon the rocky cliffs looking eastward, to guide the people of the old world to the new empire of liberty in the west. Millions hailed with joy those signal lights and, guided by them, hastened across the waters to prosper in their golden days. Since George Washington and his illustrious compatriots signed that grand old charter of our Union, what wonderful fruits it has produced! How, under its wise provisions has the republic "expanded from its boundary lines, which at first reached not far beyond the sound of the Atlantic, became a large beyond the mountains—then beyond the Mississippi—until, having crossed the second great range of mountains, it heard the sound of the other great ocean."

That was a fine vision of Coleridge—"The possible destiny of the United States, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and embracing a hundred millions of people, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakespeare and Milton, is an august conception." When uttered, these words seemed extravagant. Who in view of the past and the pregnant future, so regards them now? A half a century will not have rolled around before Coleridge's conception will have found realization. A little calculation which we find shows how short even this falls of the mark: "In 1860 Massachusetts had 157, Rhode Island 123, New York 82 and Pennsylvania 62 inhabitants to the square mile, which rates applied to the United States would give 472,224 inhabitants. Were the United States as densely populated as England, we should have 224,000,000 people."

Here upon these western shores the cycle of empire and civilization will be completed, and here they are to find their highest development. Where is the land that can so easily be so populated? Where are the mountains which slope from the grand Sierras to the sea? Where are the deltas so prolific and capable of sustaining such a population as those of the Sacramento and San Joaquin? With proper systems of canals and ditches each acre can be made a garden spot, teeming with untold wealth. Where are hills so easily and so spontaneously green? Where are mountains so fraught with rich treasures locked in their towering bosoms? Where is there a climate so genial and inviting? We workers of the present are but surface gleaners, gathering what is almost thrust into their hand by prodigal nature. The millions that are yet to come will perform the systematic work. And come they will, no matter what warring attractions may divert them for a time. The iron feelers which are now being thrust across the continent, and which will so grasp permanently our soil are the instinctive explorers of the older States, searching for new outlets and new fields of enterprise for their swelling populations. Soon these will crowd down them, and continue to come, and coming must stay, for the human tide never reverses its action—never flows back to its source. In the meantime, rapidly as these great iron bands to welded interests are being pushed—having already invaded the land of the buffalo—the restless tide of emigration is not stayed. A little item from a Western paper is here to the purpose:

"For the week ending November 10th, as stated by the St. Joseph Herald, over eight hundred wagons, many of them belonging to emigrants en route for Southern Kansas, crossed the Missouri at the Edward Ferry. That is but one point where the indications of the rising swell of emigration is to be noticed. Steamboats and rail cars are crowded with a moving population, who are seeking rich lands near western borders for permanent settlement, and every road seems to be thronged with the old style vehicles with which the earlier settlers penetrated the wilds towards the setting sun. The man who lives ten or twenty years hence, will witness emigration in the way of extended civilization, and will probably be able to travel from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains through a continuous line of enterprising communities."

Let no one then say that California is "played out," or be dependent for her future. Her great destiny is as sure as the edicts of nature. In a short time she will enter upon a new career of prosperity and will, in the years to come, be resorted to as the chosen spot of God's footstool. Let those then who are here make up their minds to continue here, and those who are not, and could follow the course of empire, come. There is room enough for many millions—cheap food and cheap homes. The man who lives and sees not California has almost lived in vain. We who cannot see it a century hence, have lost the grandest spectacle of human progress the world has yet produced. The course of empire is not only westward, but "Time's noblest offspring is the last."—(S. F. Examiner.)

According to the following, copied from a Washington paper, the negro lovers of West Chester Pa. are a little ahead of the most progressive portion of their party, elsewhere. We should think they were people after Thad. Stevens' own heart: "The good people of West Chester, Pa. were terribly shocked the other day in witnessing a number of young white females linked arm in arm with the same number of negroes, and in this plight attending a radical demonstration. There were between twenty and thirty couples thus linked."

**RADICALISM ON THE WANE.**—The Radical of two months ago is the Conservative of to-day. Impolitic politicians, hair-brained enthusiasts and mistaken philanthropists—men with more heart than brains, to speak generously of them—are attempting to commit the Union party to a policy destructive of the peace and harmony which is so desirable and so necessary in securing the consummation of the great end which it has in view, and for which it was called into existence—the security and perpetuity of the Union of these States, which is jeopardized by delay in accomplishing a fair and honorable settlement of our national difficulties. Until very recently the Constitutional Amendments were the rallying points for all true Union men, and to give them a hearty support was radical. To-day universal suffrage, social negro-equality, and a determination to wipe out every vestige of State governments in the South and reduce those States to the condition of Territories, to fan into a flame the smothering embers of the late civil war, give unbridled reign to passion and let chaos come again, is Radical. —

The fathers and brothers and comrades of the fallen brave, are not of those who would still further punish and humiliate their former enemies. No. These blood-thirsty patriots are mostly men who never marched to the music of the drum and file, excepting in Fourth of July processions; men whose ears have never been trained to distinguish the difference between the screech of a Minnie bullet and the hissing of a ball from the sharp-shooter's rifle; men who never inhaled the odor of burnt powder excepting at the celebration of a victory won by the "boys in blue."

Congress is in session and we already see radical leaders fretting themselves and the people's patience about restricting the official patronage of the President, while the all-important matters affecting public peace are left as subjects of future strife. Good patriots often make poor statesmen and unsafe party leaders, of which fact, our present Congress will, we fear, furnish abundant proof.

We were radical sixty days since; we are conservative to-day.—(Woodland News.)

**CHRISTMAS TIMES.**—The Christmas holidays, the season of joy and gladness, of roast turkeys and mince pies, of fun and frolic, are near at hand, and the youngsters even now are looking forward to the visit of St. Nicholas whereby their stockings are sure to be filled with sugar plums, toys and other articles, which the worthy old gentleman is certain to bestow upon all good boys and girls. To those of riper years the season also has its attractions: The gift of love and friendship is expected with all the eagerness of childhood, and many a timid maiden, who thinks and hopes she may be the choice of one whose coming has more than once caused her heart to flutter and her cheek to assume a brighter tint, waits in anxious expectation the advent of Christmas, wishing it would bring something to confirm the hope and render her happiness complete. With the old, the feeling is the same; they do not despair of being remembered by grandson or daughter; they look for some token of love, no matter how trifling, that will serve to show that even in the time of old age, when life becomes almost a burden, they are still thought of and cared for by those they have tenderly loved and watched over through many long, long years. With high and low, with rich and poor, it is the same; Christmas times in the lordly castle or in the humblest cottage, are welcomed as a season of peace and good will; of mirth and merriment; where happiness should reign, and the troubles of the present and the past be for a time forgotten. (S. F. Alta.)

A special dispatch says that a Fenian privateer is stated to have successfully eluded Federal vigilance and sailed from Newburyport several days ago for the Irish coast. The vessel in question is said to be the schooner Estrella, of seven hundred tons burden, and she is said to be armed with a most improved destructive ordnance, and to contain a picked crew of more than two hundred men who have seen service in our ironclads. Her officers are all men of experience. The Fenian officers state that before leaving for Ireland Stephens issued letters of marque and reprisal to the Estrella to capture, seize and destroy all English vessels out of neutral waters. Captain Burke announced his intention of making the Atlantic too hot for British ships, and declared that the incoming Cunard steamers were to be captured at all hazards, and to that end the Estrella has sailed directly in the track of the expected vessels. Others will follow as chance offers, and their purpose is to detail a portion of the arms and men on the Estrella to the finest available English vessel captured, and thus improve another privateer.

Prof. Agassiz, in a recent lecture on the Amazon, said that at an exhibition in Brazil he saw specimens of one hundred and seventeen kinds of costly lumber, yet in the entire basin of the Amazon there is not a single saw-mill, and the Professor had seen the people cut down a large tree, from which they would haul out one board. A company of our Eastern lumbermen, the lecturer thought, ought to emigrate there.

**RULING PASSION.**—As an evidence of the ruling passion strong in death, we clip the following from the Denver News of a late issue: "A member of the sporting fraternity in this city, who is afflicted with consumption, has wagered fifty dollars against a coffin, worth the same amount, that he will die before the first day of January next. The coffin, in the event of his death, to be used for his last earthly habitation."

**PLEASANT.**—A Memphis paper says:—"Night after night affrays occur; men are shot within a few yards of our office; bullets are fired into windows; and it's 'D—n you!' click! bang! 'I am shot' nightly from one end of the city to the other."

**A LIBRARY FOR LECTURERS, SPEAKERS AND OTHERS.**—Every Lawyer, Clergyman, Senator, Congressman, Teacher, Debater, Student, etc., who desires to be informed and posted on the Rules and Regulations which govern public bodies, as well as those who desire the best books on Oratory, and the Art of Public Speaking, should provide himself with the following small and carefully selected Library:

The Indispensable Hand Book. . . . \$2 25  
The Art of Eloquent Speaking. . . . 2 00  
The Right word in the Right Place. . . . 75  
The American Debater. . . . 2 00  
The Exhibition Speaker. . . . 1 50  
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Dwyer on Eloquence. . . . 1 00  
First Lessons in Composition. . . . 1 00  
We will send one copy each by first Express on receipt of \$10, or by mail post-paid at the prices affixed. Address,  
FOWLER AND WELLS,  
389 Broadway, N. Y.

## New Advertisements.

### CHRISTMAS BALL!!

### A GRAND BALL

will be given at the  
**VERNON HOUSE HALL,**  
TAYLORVILLE, INDIAN VALLEY,  
on CHRISTMAS NIGHT, TUESDAY, Dec. 25th '66  
to which the Public are respectfully invited.  
HALL & ROBY'S QUADRILLE BAND has been engaged for the occasion.  
J. HARDGRAVE, Prop'r.  
Taylorville, Nov. 21, 1866. n14f

### HOGS & PORK.

**FOR SALE!!**  
THE SUBSCRIBER has a large lot of live FAT HOGS in Edward's Corral, at Quincy, which he offers for sale.  
A large amount of PORK, SIDES, SHOULDERS & JAMS, which will be sold in quantities to suit. Several hundred pounds of FRESH LARD on hand and for sale.  
Wagoners.—In the rear of Kaulback's Old Store, Main st., Quincy, Cal.  
J. B. WELLINGTON. v5-n74f

### REMINGTON'S



**UP FIRE ARMS.**  
SOLD BY GUN DEALERS,  
AND THE TRADE GENERALLY.

Upwards of 200,000 furnished the U. S. Government.

Army Revolver, 44-100 in. Calibre, Navy Revolver, 36-100 in. Calibre, Belt Revolver, (Self-Loading) Navy Calibre, Belt Revolver, Navy Size Calibre, Police Revolver, Navy Size Calibre, New Pocket Revolver, (with Loading Lever, Pocket Revolver, (Self-Loading) Repeating Pistol, (Elliot pt.) No. 32 Cartridge, Repeating Pistol, (Elliot pt.) No. 32 Cartridge, Vest Pocket Pistol, No. 22, 30 & 32 Cartridge, Gun Case, using No. 32 Cartridge, Single Brel Shot Gun, Revolving Rifle, 36 & 44-100 in. Calibre, Breech Loading Rifle, No. 32 Cartridge, Breech Loading Carbine, No. 46 Cartridge, U. S. Rifle, (Steel Barrel) with Sable Bayonet, U. S. Rifle Muzzle, Springfield Pattern.

Our new Breech Loading Arms have just been approved and adopted for Military service in Europe.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, Illion, N. Y.  
AGENTS, Moore & Nichols, New York; L. M. Rumsey & Co., St. Louis; ALBERT E. CRANE, San Francisco. v4-n504f

## Special Notices.

**Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer**  
Has won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medical preparations. It is as well known in the trading ports of India and China as in New York and Cincinnati; and its continually increasing demand, where it has been longest known, is one of its strongest recommendations. It is not infrequently said of it—"We would as soon think of being without flour in the house as without Pain Killer." It gives immediate relief in cases of neuralgia, or other similar affections of the bowels; and being entirely a vegetable preparation, it is as safe as it is reliable. 5-lm

Read what Dr. Scovill says of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM:  
MESSRS. J. N. HARRIS & CO:  
GENTS—I make the following statement from a perfect conviction and knowledge of the benefits ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM in curing the most deep-seated PULMONARY CONSUMPTION! I have witnessed its effects on the young and the old, and in every case it has been the best and most speedy remedy with which I am acquainted. For Coughs and all the early stages of Lung complaints, I would keep it by them, ready to administer upon the first appearance of disease about the lungs, there would be very few cases of fatal consumption. It causes the phlegm and matter to raise, without irritating those delicate organs (the lungs), and without producing constipation of the bowels. It also gives strength to the system, stops the night-sweats, and changes all the morbid secretions to a healthy state. Yours respectfully,  
A. L. SCOVILL.  
Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 6-lm

## For Supervisor.

I hereby announce myself a Candidate for Supervisor of District No. 2, at the next Supervisor election of said district, irrespective of party nominations.  
JOSEPH T. TAYLOR.  
Taylorville, Aug. 7, 1866. 41-4d

**Special Medical Notice.**—DR. CHAS. H. TOZER would respectfully inform the sick and afflicted that his MEDICAL INSTITUTE is at the same place, Corner of Kearney and Jackson streets, San Francisco, where he has been established for many years, for the cure of special complaints. Having relinquished my old modes of advertising, which has become so common with all the Quack Doctors of San Francisco, filling the newspapers with false references, for the purpose of impressing upon strangers, I think it is only necessary to inform those in need of a PHYSICIAN OF LONG EXPERIENCE AND SUCCESSFUL PRACTICE that I can be consulted at all business hours, at my Medical Institute, corner of Kearney and Jackson st., San Francisco.

Ladies suffering from the Whites, Piles, Weakness of the Back, Pain in the Side, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Derangement of their Monthly Stitches, and all other diseases that the female system is subject to, will find prompt relief by applying to Dr. Chas. H. Tozer. My Female Monthly Pills were never known to fail in giving relief in these cases for which they are recommended. To be obtained only at my office. Price, Five Dollars—with full directions on each Box.—Sent by mail on request. Address CHAS. H. TOZER, M. D., San Francisco, Cal., or Lock Box 1866. Consultation Free. All communications strictly confidential. CHAS. H. TOZER, M. D. Consulting Physician of Lock Hospital, London. v5-n51y

## Advertisements.

### C. T. KAULBACK,

—Dealer in all kinds of—

### DRY GOODS,

### CLOTHING, FANCY GOODS,

### FURNISHING GOODS,

### YANKEE NOTIONS, CARPETING,

### BOOTS & SHOES,

### HATS & CAPS,

### Provisions, Groceries, Liquors,

### DRUGS & MEDICINES.

### HARDWARE, WOODEN WARE,

### PAINTS, OILS, &c., &c.

QUINCY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Quincy and vicinity that he is now receiving a large stock of goods of all kinds which he offers for sale at the LOWEST PRICES for cash. Parties who wish to purchase goods for cash, can buy their supplies of me CHEAPER than they can send to the lower county and get them.  
Call and examine my stock of goods and the prices, and satisfy yourselves of the fact.  
C. T. KAULBACK.  
Quincy, June 15th, 1865. 34-4d

### A. P. MOORE,

HAS ON HAND AND DESIRES TO SELL

SUGAR, COFFEE, SYRUP, TEA, HAMS, LARD, BACON, SALT, CORN MEAL, FLOUR, CHEESE, SOAP.

And other groceries, selected with great care,—

PURCHASED WITH CASH,

and will sell them at the very LOWEST FIGURE.

Also, a complete Stock of

**Drugs and Medicines, COAL OIL, HARDWARE & NAILS, TURPENTINE, WOOD PAELS, ALCOHOL, WHITE LEAD, BOILED OIL, ROPE, SHOVELS, BROOMS,**

Books & Stationery, Toilet Articles, School Books, Perfumery, And a General Variety of FANCY GOODS.

**Tobacco, Cigars & Pipes.**

Candies, Nuts & Confectioneries, Green Fruits, &c., &c., &c.

Any of the above goods will be sold at the LOWEST LIVING RATES.

A. P. MOORE, v4-n554f

### RIDEOUT, SMITH & CO.,

### BANKERS.

OROVILLE, CAL.

GOLD DUST PURCHASED.

—AND—

Advances Made on Consignments for Assay or Coinage.

—AND—

Exchange for Sale.

—OR—

New York and London.

—AND—

Legal Tender Notes Bought & Sold.

—AND—

CHECKS AT PAR,

—ON—

Rideout & Smith, Marysville.

PARROTT & CO., San Francisco.

—AND—

The customary facilities afforded to Parties making consignments of GOLD DUST. 42-4f

## HYDRAULIC HOSE,

—AT—

## ALLMENT'S

## SEWING FACTORY.

—AND—

I WOULD CALL THE ATTENTION OF HYDRAULIC MACHINISTS to an improvement which I have made on my hose sewing machine. The four effects are not in a straight line, but are broken, which adds strength and durability to the seam. I also use much smaller needles than have heretofore been used on any hose-sewing machine.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

J. T. ALLMENT,

Marysville.

## Mining Notices.

### Monitor Gold Mining Company.

Union District, Plumas County, Cal.—Dec. 3d, 1866.—Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of said Company, held on the 3d day of December, 1867, an assessment of \$1.00 per share was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable on the 2d day of January, 1867, in gold coin of the United States of America, to the Secretary, at the office of the Co., at Union Flat, in the county of Plumas. Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 3d day of January, 1867, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the 14th day of January, 1867, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

v5-n4-td OLOP ZETTERHOLM, Sec'y.

### The American Statesman,

### Soldier and Patriot.

Possesses a new feature. It contains all the American and Foreign News, compiled and classified, Congressional reports, Fires, Murders, Maritime Events, Market Reports, Commercial Intelligence; also, Original and selected Tales, Stories, Poetry, Wit and Humor: Amusing and instructive Reading for the old and young.

Published weekly at \$1.50 per annum. The first Club of ten sent from any Post Office, will be furnished at only \$1.00 per annum, with an extra copy to the getter up of the club. Sample copies sent free. Address  
STATESMAN AND PATRIOT, New York City.

**Marriage and Celibacy.** An Essay of Warning and Instruction for Young Men. Also Diseases and Abuses which prostrate the vital powers, with sure means of relief. Sent free of charge, in sealed letter envelopes. Address DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa. 35-ly.

How FOR THE AFFLICTED.—In another part of this paper will be found the advertisement of the celebrated Institute established by Dr. J. C. YOUNG, in 1853. It is a boon to the suffering to point out to them where they are sure of obtaining the wished for relief and cure. Under the care of the skillful doctor, the sick and troubled can cast themselves of their burdens of pain; by assiduous care and secure health and happiness. If you are sick or in trouble, do not hesitate. Read the advertisement and follow the advice. Do not forget the number nor the manner of directing your letters. Consultation Office, 536 Washington street, San Francisco. v4-n49-ly.

## RELIEF AT LAST.

IT IS PROVEN BEYOND ALL DOUBT, THAT

### JENKIN'S HAIR RESTORATIVE

WILL PRODUCE HAIR

### ON BALD HEADS!!

It cures the Suppressed Secretions.

It cures the Impassioned Scalp, which invariably produces violent pains in the head.

It cures the Distended Hair, which forces the shafts of the hair from the capillary sack.

It cures the Itchy Scalp, which causes the hair to fall out.

And Diseases of the Hair.

### The Hair Restorative

Is purely vegetable, and its invention is the result of many years of practical experiments.

The following gentlemen have used the RESTORATIVE with good effect, and kindly give their names as references: Hon. C. M. Bryan, ex-Judge Supreme Court, Hon. Gordon N. Scott, ex-Judge District Court, Yuba county. Hon. Jesse O. Goodwin, County Judge, Yuba county. E. F. Her Esq., J. C. Cooper, Esq., John Nash, Esq., C. P. Robinson, Esq., D. H. Jones.

Prepared only by JOHN C. JENKINS, the Hair Restorer, at Ferguson's Old Hair Cutting Headquarters, two doors west of George C. Perkins' Grocery Store, Montgomery street OROVILLE.

PRICE—One Dollar per bottle.

## U. S. MAIL LINE

—FROM—

## OROVILLE TO QUINCY,

—AND—

## Indian Valley.

SHORTEST, QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE.

STAGES LEAVE OROVILLE EVERY OTHER day, on the arrival of the morning train from Marysville, and arrive in Indian Valley the next day at 4 o'clock, P. M. Stages leave Indian Valley every other day, and arrive in Oroville the next day, at 12 o'clock, M. In October the stages leave Oroville on the even dates, in the month commencing October 2d. In November, stages leave Oroville on the odd dates commencing Nov. 1.

The line is well stocked for staging, and it is well known that this route is now, always was and will be the shortest and best route from Oroville to Indian Valley.

FARE AS CHEAP as on any other route.







